

T H E
REHEARSAL:
A
C O M E D Y.

B Y
GEORGE, late D. of BUCKINGHAM.

To which is added,
A KEY, or Critical VIEW
O F
The AUTHORS and their WRITINGS
exposed in this *Play*.

WITH THE
LIFE of the AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH:
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T H E
L I F E
O F

G. VILLIERS, Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

THIS ingenious and witty nobleman, whose mingled character rendered him at once the ornament and disgrace, the envy and ridicule of the court he lived in, was son to that famous statesman and favourite of King Charles I. who lost his life by the hands of lieutenant Felton.—Our Author was born at Wallingford house, in the parish of St Martin's in the fields, on the 30th of Jan. 1627, which being but the year before the fatal catastrophe of his father's death, the young Duke was left a perfect infant; a circumstance which is frequently prejudicial to the morals of men born to high rank and affluence of fortune.—The early parts of his education he received from various domestic tutors, after which he was sent to the university of Cambridge, where having completed a course of studies, he, with his brother Lord Francis, went abroad, under the care of one Mr Aylesbury.—Upon his return, which was not till after the breaking out of the civil wars, the

King being at Oxford, his Grace repaired thither, was presented to his Majesty, and entered of Christ Church College.—Upon the decline of the King's cause, he attended Prince Charles into Scotland, and was with him at the battle of Worcester in 1651, after which, making his escape beyond sea, he again joined him, and was soon after, as a reward for this attachment, made knight of the Garter.

Desirous, however, of retrieving his affairs, he came privately to England, and in 1657 married Mary, the daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Lord Fairfax, through whose interest he recovered the greatest part of the estate he had lost, and the assurance of succeeding to an accumulation of wealth in the right of his wife.

We do not find, however, that this step lost him the royal favour; for, after the restoration, at which time he is said to have possessed an estate of *L. 20,000 per ann.* he was made one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber, called to the Privy Council, and appointed Lord, Lieut. of Yorkshire, and Master of the Horse.—All these high posts, however, he lost again in the year 1666:—for having been refused the post of President of the North, he became disaffected to the King, and it was discovered that he had carried on a secret correspondence, by letters and other transactions, with one Dr Heydon, (a man of no kind of consequence, but well fitted to be made the implement in any kind of business), tending to raise mutinies among his Majesty's forces, particularly in the navy, to stir up sedition among the people, and even to engage persons in a conspiracy for seizing the tower of London.—Nay, to such base lengths had he proceeded, as even to have given money to villains to put on jackets, and, personating seamen, to go about the country begging, and exclaiming for want of pay, while the people, oppressed with taxes, were cheated of their money by the great officers of the crown.—Matters were ripe for execution, and an insurrection, at the head of which the

Duke was openly to have appeared, on the very eve of breaking out, when it was discovered by means of some agents whom Heydon had employed to carry letters to the Duke.—The detection of this affair so exasperated the King, who knew Buckingham to be capable of the blackest designs, that he immediately ordered him to be seized; but the Duke finding means (having defended his house for some time by force) to make his escape, his Majesty struck him out of all his commissions, and issued out a proclamation, requiring his surrender by a certain day.

This storm, however, did not long hang over his head; for on his making an humble submission, King Charles, who was far from being of an implacable temper, took him again into favour, and the very next year restored him both to the Privy-council and Bed-chamber.—But the Duke's disposition for intrigue and inachination could not long ly idle, for having conceived a resentment against the Duke of Ormond, for having acted with some severity against him in regard to the last-mentioned affair, he, in 1670, was supposed to be concerned in an attempt made on that nobleman's life by the same Blood, who afterwards endeavoured to steal the crown.—Their design was to have conveyed the Duke to Tyburn, and there have hanged him; and so far did they proceed towards the putting it in execution, that Blood and his son had actually forced the Duke out of his coach in St-James's street, and carried him away beyond Devonshire house, Piccadilly, before he was rescued from them.

That there must have been the strongest reasons for suspecting the Duke of Buckingham of having been a party in this villainous project, is apparent from a story Mr Carte relates from the best authority, in his life of the Duke of Ormond, of the public resentment and open menaces thrown out to the Duke on the occasion, by the Earl of Ossory, the Duke of Ormond's son, even in the presence of the King himself.—But as Charles II. like most other men, was more sensible of injuries done

vi THE LIFE OF

to himself than others, it does not appear that this transaction hurt the Duke's interest at Court, for in 1671 he was installed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and sent Ambassador to France; where he was very nobly entertained by Lewis XIV. and presented by that Monarch, at his departure, with a sword and belt set with jewels, to the value of 40,000 pistoles; and the next year he was employed in a second embassy to that king at Utrecht.—However, in June 1674, he resigned the Chancellorship of Cambridge, and about the same time became a zealous partizan and favourer of the Nonconformists.—On the 16th of Feb. 1676, his Grace, with the Earls of Salisbury and Shaftesbury, and Lord Wharton, were committed to the Tower by order of the House of Lords, for a contempt in refusing to retract the purport of a speech which the Duke had made concerning the dissolution of the parliament.—This confinement did not, I suppose, last long, yet I find no material transactions of this nobleman's life recorded after it, till the time of his death, which happened on the 16th of April 1687.—Wood tells us that he died at his house in Yorkshire; but Mr Pope, who must certainly have had very good information, and it is to be imagined would not have dared to advance an injurious falsehood of a person of his rank, has, in his epistle to Lord Bathurst, given us a most affecting account of the death of this ill-starr'd nobleman, who, after having been master of near *L. 50,000 per ann.* he describes as reduced to the deepest distress by his vice and extravagance, and breathing his last moments in a mean apartment at an inn.—Be this particular circumstance, however, as it will, it is certain that he had greatly reduced his fortune before his death, and that his natural turn for gallantry and dissipation, encouraged and supported by the fashion of the age, and the countenance that vice of all kinds met with at court, threw him into expences that would have been, as Shakespeare says, “enough to press a royal merchant down.”

As to his personal character, it is impossible to say any thing in its vindication; for though his severest enemies acknowledge him to have possessed great vivacity, and a quickness of parts peculiarly adapted to the purposes of ridicule, yet his warmest advocates have never attributed to him a single virtue. — His generosity was profuseness, his wit malevolence, the gratification of his passions his sole aim through life, his very talents caprice, and even his gallantry the mere love of pleasure. — But it is impossible to draw his character with equal beauty, or with more justice than in that given of him by Dryden, in his *Abraham and Achitophel*, under the name of *Zemri*, which is too well known to authorize my inserting it here, and to which therefore I shall refer my readers.

How greatly is it to be lamented, that such abilities should have been so shamefully misapplied! — For to sum up his character at once, if he appears inferior to his father as a statesman, he was certainly superior to him as a wit, and wanted only application and steadiness to have made as conspicuous a figure in the senate and the cabinet as he did in the drawing-room. — But his love of pleasure was so immoderate, and his eagerness in the pursuit of it so ungovernable, that they were perpetual bars against the execution of even any plan he might have formed solid or praise-worthy. — In consequence of which, with the possession of a fortune that might have enabled him to render himself an object of almost adoration, we do not find him on record for any one deservedly generous action. — As he had liv'd a profligate, he died a beggar, and as he had raised no friend in his life, he found none to lament him at his death.

As a Writer, however, he stands in a quite different point of view. — There we see the wit, and forget the libertine. — His poems, which indeed are not very numerous, are capital in their kind, but what will immortalize his memory while language shall be understood, or true wit relished, is his celebrated comedy of

the *Rehearsal*. A comedy, which is so perfect a masterpiece in its way, and so truly an original, that notwithstanding its prodigious success, even the task of imitation, which most kinds of excellence have excited inferior geniusses to undertake, has appeared as too arduous to be attempted with regard to this, which through an whole century still stands alone, notwithstanding that the very plays it was written expressly to ridicule are forgotten, and the taste it was meant to expose totally exploded, and although many other pieces as absurd, and a taste as depraved have since at times sprung up, which might have afforded ample materials in the hands of an equal artificer.

PLAYS named in the KEY.

1. *THE Lost Lady.* By Sir William Barclay.
2. *Love and Honour.* By Sir W D'Avenant.
3. *Love and Friendship.* By Sir William Killigrew.
4. *Pandora.* By Sir William Killigrew.
5. *Siege of Rhodes, Part I.* By Sir W. D'Avenant.
6. *Playhouse to be lett.* By Col. Henry Howard.
7. *United Kingdoms.* By Col. Henry Howard.
8. *Slighted Maid.* By Sir Robert Stapleton.
9. *Wild Gallant.* By Mr Dryden.
10. *English Monfieur.* By Mr James Howard.
11. *The Villain.* By Major Tho. Porter.
12. *The Prologue to the Maiden Queen.* By Mr Dryden.
13. *The Amorous Prince.* By Mrs Behn.
14. *Tyrannic Love, and Prologue.* By Mr Dryden.
15. *Granada, Two Parts.* By Mr Dryden.
16. *Marriage A-la-mode.* By Mr Dryden.
17. *Love in a Nunnery.* By Mr Dryden.

Dramatis Personæ.

BAYES,
JOHNSON,
SMITH,
Two KINGS of Brentford,
Prince PRETTYMAN,
Prince VOLSCIUS
GENTLEMAN-USHER,
PHYSICIAN,
DRAWCANSIR,
GENERAL,
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL,
CORDELIO,
TOM THIMBLE,
FISHERMAN,
SUN,
THUNDER,
PLAYERS,
SOLDIERS,
Two HERALDS,
Four CARDINALS,
MAYOR,
JUDGES,
SERGEANT at ARMS,

} Mutes.

AMARYLLIS,
CHLORIS,
PARTHENOPE,
PALLAS,
LIGHTNING,
MOON,
EARTH,
Attendance of Men and Women.

SCENE, BRENTFORD.

T H E
R E H E A R S A L.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

JOHNSON.

HONEST Frank, I am glad to see thee with all my heart. How long hast thou been in town?
Smith. Faith, not above an hour : and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out : for I long to talk with you freely of all the strange new things we have heard in the country.

Johns. And, by my troth, I have longed as much to laugh with you at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things we are tired out with here.

Smith. Dull and fantastical ! that's an excellent composition. Pray what are our men of business doing ?

Johns. I ne'er inquire after 'em. Thou knowest my humour lyes another way. I love to please myself as much, and to trouble others as little, as I can ; and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn fops, who, being incapable of reason, and insensible of wit and pleasure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of business.

Smith. Indeed I have ever observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

Johns. Ay, and of birds and of beasts too : your gravest bird is an owl, and your gravest beast is an ass.

Smith. Well, but how dost thou pass thy time ?

Johns. Why, as I us'd to do : eat, drink as well as I

can, have a she-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a play; where there are such things, Frank, such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the stage, and resolve to apply myself to the solid non-sense of your men of business, as the more ingenious pastime.

Smith. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new plays, and our country-wits commend 'em.

Johns. Ay, so do some of our city-wits too; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smith. New kind! what kind is that?

Johns. Why, your virtuosi, your civil persons, your drolls; fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but are given altogether to elevate and surprize.

Smith. Elevate and surprize! prithee make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter; I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got amongst them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying, and every thing but thinking and sense.

Mr BAYES passes over the stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

Johns. Gad-so, this is an author: I'll go fetch him to you.

Smith. No, prithee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is, I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now, for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose, Sir, upon this—Sweet Sir, your servant.

Smith. Your humble servant, Sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour now?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, what is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? Do you mean the plot?

Johns. Ay, ay, any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head. But I have a new one in my pocket, that I may say is a virgin: it has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'tis all new wit, and, tho' I say it, a better than my last; and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read and write, and act, and plot, and shew; ay, and pit, box, and gallery, I'gad, with any play in Europe. This morning is its last Rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin-attire, tho' perhaps it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you.—I think it is in this pocket.

[*Puts his hand in his pocket.*]

Johns. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you, and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smith. Sir, I have no business so considerable as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy; this is my book of *Drama common-places*, the mother of many other plays.

Johns. *Drama common-places*? Pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position; and I do hereby aver, that no man yet the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Johns. What are these rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*; changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternative*, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing so easy when understood: I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one; if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it; that is,

if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time), and if it be verse, put it into prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be call'd transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good notion, and hereafter, it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye with it then ?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so changed, that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Johns. We hear you, Sir ; go on.

Bayes. As thus : I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort ; I make as if I minded nothing ; (do you mark ?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Johns. But, Mr Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by art ?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful ; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention ?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder ?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject : And so in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruples of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the Playhouse, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter three PLAYERS on the stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book, but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in; whether angry, melancholly, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way: for look you, Sir, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sense, tires them before the end of the first act. Now here every line surprises you, and brings in new matter: and then, for scenes, clothes, and dances, we put quite down all that ever went before us; and those are things, you know, that are essential to a play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter BAYES, JOHNSON and SMITH.

Bayes. Come, come in, Gentlemen. You're very welcome. Mr—a—a—Ha' you your part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humour of it?

1 *Play.* Ay, Sir, pretty well.—

Bayes. And Amaryllis, how does she do? Does not her armour become her?

3 *Play.* O admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you now a pretty conceit. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this play?

Smith. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her Armaryllis, because of her armour. Ha, ha, ha!

Johns. That will be very well indeed.

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little rogue; I knew her face would set off armour extremely; and, to tell you true,

I writ that part only for her. You must know she is my mistress.

Johns. Then I know another thing, little Bayes, that thou hast had her, i'gad.

Bayes. No, i'gad, not yet, but I am sure I shall; for I have talk'd bawdy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? Prithee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is in the French tongue a certain criticism, which, by the variation of the masculine adjective instead of the feminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: As for example, *Ma vie* is my life; but if before *vie* you put *mon* instead of *ma*, you make it bawdy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I having observed this, set a trap for her the other day in the tiring-room; for this said I, *Adieu bel esperance de ma vie*; (which, i'gad, is very pretty :) To which she answered, I vow almost as prettily every jot; for said she, *Songes à ma vie, Monsieur*: whereupon I presently snapp'd this upon her, *Non, non, Madame—Songes vous à mon*, by gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smith. This is one of the richest stories, Mr Bayes, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. Ay, let me alone, i'gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em, I warrant you: but I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another woman in the city.

Smith. How, kept! for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *beau garçon*, : I am, i'fackins.

Smith. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the rogue is so fond of me, Mr Johnson, that I vow to Gad I know not what to do with myself.

Johns. Do with thyself! No; I wonder how thou can'st make a shift to hold out at this rate.

Bayes. O devil! I can toil like a horse; only sometimes it makes me melancholy: and then, I vow to Gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing, if it were to save my life.

Smith. That we do verily believe, Mr Bayes.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, i'gad, which mads me in my amours ; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr Johnson, my acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull : now, I am the farthest from it in the whole world, i'gad ; but only, forsooth, they think I am so because I can say nothing.

Johns. Phoo, pox ; that's ill-natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay, Gad there's no trusting o' these rogues ; but—a—Come, let's sit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which you know are the things in nature that make up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two kings of the same place ; as for example, at Brentford, for I love to write familiarly. Now, the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that, are divided amongst themselves, in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em, these kings differing sometimes in particulars, tho' in the main they agree—(I know not whether I make myself well understood.)

Johns. I did not observe you, Sir : pray, say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing), the people being embarrass'd by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concerned in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people, they make a kind of a—you understand me—Upon which there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that.—In fine, you'll understand it better when you see it. [Exit to call the Players.]

Smith. I find the Author will be very much obliged to the Players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Enter BAYES.

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, I wou'd fain ask your opinion of one thing : I have made a prologue, and an epilogue, which may both serve for either ; that is, the

prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue : (do you mark ?) nay, they may both serve too, i'gad, for any other play as well as this.

Smith. Very well ; that's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue. For you must know there are, in nature, but two ways of making very good prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to—a—in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors : the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censoring persons, as cannot otherwise, i'gad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues. To which end my first prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furr'd cap, and his sword drawn ; and there tell 'em plainly, that if, out of good nature, they will not like my play, i'gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon, they all clapping—a—

Smith. Ay, but suppose they don't.

Bayes. Suppose ! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir ; nor am at all mortified at it, not at all, Sir, i'gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose, quotha !—ha, ha, ha ! [*Walks away.*]

Johns. Phoo ! prithee, Bayes, don't mind what he says ; he's a fellow newly come out of the country, he knows nothing of what's the relish here of the town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to please the country, I should have follow'd the plain old way ; but I write for some persons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what flame and power in writing is ; and they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johns. Ay, ay, they will clap, I warrant you ; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the design's good ; that cannot be denied. And then for language, i'gad, I defy 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above an hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes ; and, withal, have appointed two or

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three dozen of my friends to be ready in the pit, who, I am sure, will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your sup-
pose? ha, ha, ha!

Johns. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes. I think so, Sir; and therefore would chuse this to be the prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to clap before they see the play, you know it would be so much the better, because then they were engaged: for, let a man write ever so well, there are, now-a-days, a sort of persons, they call *critics*, that, i'gad, have no more wit in them than so many hobby horses; but they'll laugh at you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things, that, i'gad, I'm sure, they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame by calumniating of persons, that, i'gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that, as—a—
In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

Johns. Nay, you have said enough of 'em, in all conscience: I'm sure more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes. Why, I tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*, were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd, i'gad, before I would e'er set pen to paper; but let them live in ignorance, like ingrates.

Johns. Ay, marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em, indeed, and, if I were in your place now, I wou'd do so.

Bayes. No, Sir, there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from, otherwise I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hangman?

Smith. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it, Sir? (for I see you can judge,) Would you have it for the prologue, or the epilogue?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

Johns. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is Thunder and Lightning.

Johns. That's greater; I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho' there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'll say, this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure nobody has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my prologue to be a dialogue: and as, in my first, you see, I strive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in terrorem*, I chuse for the persons, Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

Johns. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare affront an Author that has them at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate dainty similies in the whole world, i'gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smith. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion of love.

So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky;
Boar beckons sow to trot to chesnut-groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd loves:
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each other's moan.

How do you like it now? ha!

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine; and very applicable to Thunder and Lightning, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. I'gad, and so it does, now I think on't: Mr Johnson, I thank you, and I'll put it in *perfecto*. Come out Thunder and Lightning.

Enter THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Bayes. Mr Cartwright, prithee, speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice, I am the bold Thun-

Act I. The R E H E A R S A L. 21

der : pshaw ! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed : I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Light. The brisk Lightning I.

Bayes. Nay, but you must be quick and nimble.
The brisk Lightning I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest Hector of the sky.

Light. And I fair Helen that made Hector die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the town.

Thun. Let critics take heed how they grumble,
For then I begin for to rumble.

Light. Let the ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their petre to foot.

Thun. Let the critics look to't.

Light. Let the ladies look to't.

Thun. For Thunder will do't.

Light. For Lightning will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.

Gallants, I'll singe your feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't;
look to't, we'll do't. *[Twice or thrice repeated.*

[Exeunt ambo.

Bayes. There, no more. 'Tis but a flash of a prologue : a droll.

Smith. Yes, 'tis short, indeed, but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the simile's in, it will do to a miracle, i'gad. Come, come, begin the play.

Enter First PLAYER.

1st Play. Sir, Mr Ivory is not come yet, but he'll be here presently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of tobacco. *[Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

BAYES, JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

BAYES.

NOW, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with a whisper.

Smith. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, come, take your seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter GENTLEMAN-USHER *and* PHYSICIAN.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-usher of this sumptuous place.

Ush. And, by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the health of both our noble kings under the notion of physician.

Phys. You hit my function right.

Ush. And you mine.

Phys. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

Phys. Come.

Johns. Pray, Sir, who are those so very civil persons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-usher and Physician to the two Kings of Brentford.

Johns. But, pray then, how comes it to pass that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

Johns. Very well.

Phys. Sir, to conclude.

Smith. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir, you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith. Where? in the tyring-room?

Bayes. Why, ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

Phyf. Sir, to conclude; the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot: and all these threatening storms, which, like impregnated clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray, mark that allegory. Is not that good?

Johnf. Yes; that grasping a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phyf. But yet some rumours great are stirring; and, if Lorenzo should prove false, (which none but the great Gods can tell), you then, perhaps, would find that——

[*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Ufb. Alone, do you say?

Phyf. No; attended with the noble——

[*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Again.

Ufb. Who, he in gray?

Phyf. Yes; and at the head of——

[*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Pray mark.

Ufb. Then, Sir, most certain 'twill in time appear, These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't.

First, he——

[*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Now the other whispers.

Ufb. Secondly, they——

[*Whispers.*]

Bayes. At it still.

Ufb. Thirdly, and lastly, both he and they——

[*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Now they both whisper. [*Exeunt whispering.*]
Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

Johnf. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why, because 'tis new, and that's it I aim at. I despise your Johnson and Beaumont, that borrowed all they writ from nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smith. But what think you of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes. By Gad, I am a better poet than he.

Smith. Well, Sir, but pray why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before), because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulg'd.

Smith. But then, Sir, why——

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompens'd. *[Goes to the door.]*

Johns. How dost thou like this, Frank? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smith. Why, I never did before this see any thing in nature, and all that, (as Mr Bayes says), so foolish, but I could give some guess at what mov'd the fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

Johns. It is all alike; Mr Wintershull has inform'd me of this play already. And I'll tell thee, Frank, thou shalt not see one scene here worth one farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the world. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smith. It does surprize me, I'm sure, very much.

Johns. Ay, but it won't do so long; by that time thou hast seen a play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of foppery.

Smith. Pox on't, but there's no pleasure in him; he's too gross a fool to be laugh'd at.

Enter BAYES.

Johns. I'll swear, Mr Bayes, you have done this scene most admirably; tho' I must tell you, Sir, it is a very difficult matter to pen a whisper well.

Bayes. Ay, Gentlemen, when you come to write yourselves, on my word, you'll find it so.

Johns. Have a care of what you say, Mr Bayes; for Mr Smith there, I assure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, i'fackins? Why then, I pray, Sir, how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but, I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing, that's one thing; and then another thing is, with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! what the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you now what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic, and let blood; for, when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! i'gad, I'm sure on't: *experto crede Roberto*. But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoil'd me once, i'gad, one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham-College, has promis'd to help me to some spirit of brains; and, i'gad, that shall do my business.

S C E N E II.

Enter the two KINGS hand in hand.

Bayes. Oh, these are now the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their stile, 'twas never yet upon the stage; but, if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole play writ all just so.

1 *King*. Did you observe their whispers, brother King?

2 *King*. I did, and heard, besides, a grave bird sing,
That they intend, sweet-heart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now familiar, because they are both
persons of the same quality.

Smith. 'Sdeath, this would make a man spue.

1 *King*. If that design appears,
I'll lug them by the ears,
Until I make 'em crack.

2 *King*. And so will I, i'fack.

1 *King*. You must begin, *ma foy*.

2 *King*. Sweet Sir, *pardonnez moy*.

Bayes. Mark that; I make 'em both speak French,
to shew their breeding.

Johns. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 *King*. Then, spite of fate, we'll thus combined stand,
And, like two brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[*Exeunt reges.*]

Johns. This is a majestic scene, indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue-
crities, i'gad: I would fain see the proudest of 'em all
but dare to nibble at this; i'gad, if they do, this shall
rub their gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you
must know, that have written a whole play just in this
very same style; it was never acted yet.

Johns. How so?

Bayes. I'gad, I can hardly tell you for laughing, ha,
ha, ha! it is so pleasant a story: ha, ha, ha!

Smith. What is't?

Bayes. I'gad the players refused to act it. Ha, ha, ha!

Smith. That's impossible!

Bayes. I'gad they did it, Sir; point blank refus'd it,
i'gad: ha, ha, ha!

Johns. Fy, that was rude.

Bayes. Rude! ay, i'gad, they are the rudest, unci-
vilest persons, and all that, in the whole world, i'gad;
i'gad there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr
Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of
things, every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to

gad, these insolent rascals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johns. Strange fellows, indeed!

Smith. But pray, Mr Bayes, how came these two kings to know of this whisper? for, as I remember, they were not present at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the actor's fault, and not mine; for the two kings should (a pox take 'em!) have popp'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smith. That indeed would have done it.

Bayes. Done it! ay, i'gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. I'll tell you, Mr Johnson, I vow to gad I have been so highly disoblig'd by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I'm resolv'd hereafter to bend my thoughts wholly for the service of the nursery, and mump your proud players, i'gad. So, now Prince Prettyman comes in, and falls asleep making love to his mistress; which, you know, was a grand intrigue in a late play written by a very honest gentleman, a knight.

S C E N E III.

Enter Prince PRETTYMAN.

Pret. How strange a captive am I grown of late!

Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate?

My love I cannot, that is too divine;

And against fate what mortal dares repine?

Enter CHLORIS.

But here she comes!

Sure 'tis some blazing comet! Is it not? [*Lyes down.*

Bayes. Blazing comet! Mark that, i'gad, very fine!

Pret. But, I am so surpris'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*Sleeps.*

Bayes. Does not that, now, surprise you, to fall asleep in the nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and swoop he falls asleep, as you see. Now, here she must make a simile.

Smith. Where's the necessity of that, Mr Bayes?

Bayes. Because she's surpris'd. That's a general

rule; you must ever make a simile when you are surpris'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

Chloris. As some tall pine, which we on *Ætna* find
T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
Feeling without the flames within to play,
Which would consume his root and sap away,
He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears.

[*Exit.*]

Johns. Mr Bayes, methinks this simile wants a little application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that, which, you know, are the natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid this scene has made you sad; for I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smith. No truly, Sir, my spirits are almost exhald too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince PRETTYMAN starts up, and says—

Pret. It is resolv'd.

[*Exit.*]

Bayes. That's all.

Smith. Mr Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you one question now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me any thing; what you please; I vow to Gad you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me if you say that, Sir.

Smith. Then pray, Sir, what is it that this prince here has resolved in his sleep?

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to outdo my fellow-writers, whereas they keep their intrigue secret, till the very last scene before the dance; I now, Sir, (do you mark me?)——a——

Smith. Begin the play and end it without ever opening the plot at all?

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain truth on't: ha, ha, ha! I do, i'gad. If they cannot find it out them-

Act II. The REHEARSAL. 29

selves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here, now, is a scene of business: pray observe it; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a discourse I overheard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

S C E N E IV.

Enter GENTLEMAN-USHER and PHYSICIAN.

Ush. Come, Sir, let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right; lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand; and then I segue it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do just so, i'gad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? which I divide thus.

Phys. Yes, it must be divided so, indeed.

Smith. That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr Bayes, to be of another man's opinion before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none here but well-bred persons, I assure you.

Ush. I divide the question into, When they heard, What they heard, and, Whether they heard or no.

Johns. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ush. As to the When; you say, Just now: so that is answered. Then, as for What; why, that answers itself: for what could they hear, but what they talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *videlicet*, Whether they heard or no?

Smith. This is a very wise scene, Mr Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right; they are both politicians.

Ush. Pray then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phys. No, you'll answer better; pray let me ask it you.

Ush. Your will must be a law.

Phys. Come, then, what is't I must ask?

Smith. This politician, I perceive, Mr Bayes, has somewhat a short memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, that t'other is the main politician, and this is but his pupil.

Ufb. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper.

Phys. Well, I do so.

Ufb. Say it then.

Smith. Hey day! here is the bravest work that ever I saw.

Johns. This is mighty methodical.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's the way; 'tis the way of art; there is no other way, i'gad, in business.

Phys. Did they hear us whisper?

Ufb. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word Whisper; to whisper, in Latin, is *susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper: but then comes in the *quomodo*, the How: how did they hear us whisper? Why, as to that, there are two ways; the one by chance, or accident; the other on purpose, that is, with design to hear us whisper.

Phys. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em physic more.

Ufb. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this, for a great deal depends upon it towards the latter-end of the play.

Smith. I suppose that's the reason why you brought in this scene, Mr Bayes.

Bayes. Partly, it was, Sir; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the world a pattern, here, how men should talk of business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well, indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they will turn us out, and no body else will take us.

Smith. Not for politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more ourselves in vain benom; We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Ufb. 'Tis right:

And since occasion now seems debonair,
I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

[They draw their swords, and sit down in the two great chairs upon the stage.]

Bayes. There's now an odd surprize; the whole state's turn'd quite topsy-turvy without any pother or stir in the whole world, 'gad.

Johns. A very silent change of government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so; and yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[The usurpers march out flourishing their swords.]

Enter SHIRLY.

Shir. Hey ho! hey ho! what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know net what to do, nor what to say!

[Exit.]

Johns. Mr Bayes, in my opinion, now, that gentleman might have said a little more upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all; for I underwrit his part on purpose to set off the rest.

Johns. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smith. But pray, Sir, how came they to depose the kings so easily?

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

Smith. O, very well; now I'm fully satisfied.

Bayes. And then, to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither, in the next scene you shall see some fighting.

Smith. O ho! so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done.

Bayes. Ay.

Smith. O, I conceive you; that, I swear, is very natural.

S C E N E V.

Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1 *Soldier*. Stand : who goes there ?

2 *Sold.* A friend.

1 *Sold.* What friend ?

2 *Sold.* A friend to the house.

1 *Sold.* Fall on.

[They all kill one another.

[Music strikes.

Bayes. Hold, hold.

[To the music. It ceases.

Now, here's an odd surprise ; all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a dancing. Do you hear, dead men ? Remember your note in *Effaut flat*.

Play on.

[To the music.

Now, now, now ! *[The music play his note, and the dead O Lord ! O Lord ! men rise, but cannot get in order.*

Out, out, out ! did ever men spoil a good thing so ! no figure, no ear, no time, no thing ! Udzookers, you dance worse than the angels in Harry the Eighth, or the fat spirits in the Tempest, i'gad.

1 *Sold.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time to this tune.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord ! impossible ! Why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this air, and setting it for the business ; for, if you observe, there are two several designs in this tune ; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time ; you shall see me do't. Look you now : here I am dead. *[Lyes down flat on his face.]* Now, mark my note *Effaut flat*. Strike up music. Now, *[As he rises up hastily he falls down again.]* Ah ! gadzookers, I have broke my nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours in *Effaut*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd stage, with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a gentleman can't come to teach you to act, but he must break his nose,

ACT III. The REHEARSAL. 33

and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

Smith. No, indeed, Sir, I don't usually carry any about me.

2 Sold. Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like horsemen. *[Exit Bayes.]*

Smith. Like horsemen! what a plague can that be?

[They dance the dance, but can make nothing of it.]

1 Sold. A devil! let's try this no longer: play my dance that Mr Bayes found fault with so.

[Dance and exeunt.]

Smith. What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

Johns. Prithce let's go see.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

BAYES, with a paper on his nose, and the two Gentlemen.

BAYES.

NOW, Sirs, this I do, because my fancy, in this play, is to end every act with a dance.

Smith. Faith that fancy is very good; but I should hardly have broke my nose for it, tho'.

Johns. That fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no man's heels, but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a scene of sheer wit, without any mixture in the whole world, i'gad, between Prince Prettyman and his tailor: it might properly enough be call'd a prize of wit; for you shall see 'em come in one upon another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him, slap, with a repartee; then he at him again, dash with a new conceit; and so eternally, eternally, i'gad, till they go quite off the stage.

[Goes to call the players.]

Smith. What plague does this fop mean, by his snip snap, hit for hit, and dash?

Johns. Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's life; what dost talk of meaning for?

Enter BAYES.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince PRETTYMAN and TOM THIMBLE.

This scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted, for 'tis as full of drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an orange stuff'd with cloves, as for conceit.

Pret. But, prithee, Tom Thimble, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine tailors make but one man, and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men, what { work art thou cutting out here for thyself, trow!

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want journeymen enow to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy journeymen, tho,' Tom, won't work by the day, but by the night.

ayes. Good still.

Thim. However, if my wife sits but cross-legg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your coronation-suit.

Bayes. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of fashion, at such a time as that, sure: a tailor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your clothes in the court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the court.

Pret. Why, Tom, thou art a sharp rogue, when thou art angry, I see: thou payest me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's pay upon pay! as good as ever was written, i'gad.

Thim. Ay, Sir, in your own coin : you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirable, before gad !

Pret. Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another coin for thee ; for, now the wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of metal.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. Ay, pretty well ; but he does not hit me in't ; he does not top his part.

Thim. That's the way to be stamped yourself, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an angel for the king's evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [Exeunt.

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, i'gad ! how do you like it now, Gentlemen ? Is not this pure wit ?

Smith. 'Tis snip snap. Sir, as you say ; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose ; for the play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on ! I don't know what you mean - why, is not this part of the play ?

Smith. Yes ; but the plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stand still ! why, what a devil is the plot good for, but to bring in fine things ?

Smith. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not ; nor many things more, that I am master of. Now, Sir, i'gad, this is the bane of all us writers ; let us soar but never so little above the common pitch, i'gad, all's spoil'd ; for the vulgar never understand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of these things.

Johns. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess : but you write on still for all that.

Bayes. Write on ! ay, i'gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me ; if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say ? What, are they gone, without singing my last new song ? 'Sbud, would it were in their bellies. I'll tell you, Mr John-son, if I have any skill in these maters, I vow to Gad,

this song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written; you must know it was made by Tom Thimble's first wife after she was dead.

Smith. How, Sir, after she was dead?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

Johns. Say? why, nothing: he were a devil that had any thing to say to that.

Bayes. Right.

Smith. How did she come to die, pray, Sir?

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall: but here's the conceit, that, upon his knowing she was kill'd by an accident, he supposes, with a sigh, that she died for love of him.

Johns. Ay, ay, that's well enough; let's hear it, Mr Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis to the tune of *Farewell fair Armida, on seas, and in battles, in bullets, and all that.*

S O N G.

*In swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer to be,
Than in a strong castle, remoted from thee:
My death's bruise pray think you gave me, tho' a fall
Did give it me more from the top of a wall;
For then, if the meat on her mud would first lay,
And after, before you, my body convey,
The blue on my breast when you happen to see,
You'll say, with a sigh, there's a true blue for me.*

Ha, rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast as hops. i'gad; for, you must know, I am as pleasant a debauchee as ever you saw: I am, i'faith.

Smith. But, Mr Bayes, how comes this song in here? for methinks, there's no great occasion for it.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing; you must ever interlard your plays with songs, ghosts and dances, if you mean to—a——

Johns. Pit, box, and gallery, Mr Bayes.

Bayes. I'gad, and you have nick'd it. Hark you, Mr Johnson, you know I don't flatter, i'gad you have a great deal of wit.

Johnf. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr Johnson, i'faith this must not be said amongst us that have it. I know you have wit, by the judgment you make of this play, for that's the measure I go by: my play is my touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts: is he so? say I; what do I do, but bring him presently to see this play; if he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most-humble servant, Sir; I'll no more of him, upon my word, I thank you. I am *clara voyant*, i'gad. Now here we go on to our business.

S C E N E II.

Enter the two USURPERS hand in hand.

Urb. But what's become of Volscius the great?
His presence has not grac'd our court of late.

Phys. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,
Has from us that illustrious hero wrung.

Bayes. Is not that majestic?

Smith. Yes, but who a devil is that Volscius?

Bayes. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with
Parthenope.

Smith. I thank you, Sir.

Enter CORDELIO.

Cor. My lieges, news from Volscius the Prince.

Urb. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

Smith. How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good
or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: gad-
zookers, you'll spoil all my play. Why, Sir, 'tis im-
possible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

Smith. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Cor. His Highness, Sirs, commanded me to tell you,
That the fair person whom you both do know,
Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,
In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt
Upon her precious life; but, by the care
Of standers-by, prevented was.

Smith. S'heart, what stuff's here?

Cor. At last,
Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd :
 His servants he into the country sent,
 And he himself to Piccadilly went,
 Where he's inform'd by letters that she's dead.

Urb. Dead ! Is that possible ? dead !

Phys. O ye Gods ! [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. There's a smart expression of a passion : O ye
 Gods ! That's one of my bold strokes, i'gad.

Smith. Yes ; but who's the fair person that's dead ?

Bayes. That you shall know anon, Sir.

Smith. Nay, if we know at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all
 this, that she's not dead neither.

Smith. Marry, that's good news indeed : I'm glad of
 that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now, here's the man brought in that is sup-
 posed to have kill'd her. [*A great shout within.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter AMARYLLIS, with a book in her hand, and
 Attendants.*

Ama. What shout triumphant's that ?

Enter a SOLDIER.

Sold. Shy maid, upon the river-brink, near Twick'nam
 town, the false assassinate is ta'en.

Ama. Thanks to the pow'rs above for this deliverance.

I hope its slow beginning will pretend,

A forward *Exit* to all future end.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out ; to all future end 'no,
 no ; to all future end ! you must lay the accent upon
 end, or else you lose the conceit.

Smith. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I have been long enough at it, one
 would think, to know something.

Enter SOLDIERS dragging in an old FISHERMAN.

Ama. Villain, what monster did corrupt thy mind,

T' attack the noblest soul of human kind ?

Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. What! did Prince Prettyman hire you to kill Prince Prettyman?

Fish. No, Prince Volscius.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince Volscius.

Ama. What! did Prince Volscius hire you to kill Prince Volscius?

Fish. No, Prince Prettyman.

Ama. So, drag him hence,

Till torture of the rack produce his sense. [*Exeunt.*]

Bayes. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for he's out at one and t'other; and that's the design of this scene.

Smith. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every scene.

Bayes. Ay, that's my way of writing; and so, Sir, I can dispatch you a whole play, before another man, i'gad, can make an end of his plot.

S C E N E IV.

Bayes. So now enter Prince Prettyman in a rage. Where the devil is he? why, Prettyman? why when, I say? O fy, fy, fy, fy! all's marr'd, I vow to Gad, quite marr'd.

Enter PRETTYMAN.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir; now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to Gad Mr.—a—I would not give a button for my play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, Sir?

Bayes. What, Sir! 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in choler, rouse upon the stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

Johns. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

Smith. I am not of your opinion.

Bayes. Pish! come, let's hear your part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my father; why d'ye keep him from me?

Altho' a fisherman, he is my father:

Was ever son yet brought to this distress,

To be, for being a son, made fatherless?

Ah! you just gods, rob me not of a father:

The being of a son take from me rather. [Exit.

Smith. Well, Ned, what think you now?

Johns. A devil, this is worst of all. Mr Bayes, pray what's the meaning of this scene?

Bayes. O, cry you mercy, Sir: I protest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that, long before the beginning of this play, this Prince was taken by a fisherman.

Smith. How, Sir, taken prisoner!

Bayes. Taken prisoner! O Lord, what a question's there! did ever any man ask such a question? gadzooks, he has put the plot quite out of my head with this damn'd question! what was I going to say?

Johns. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me see: taken! O, 'tis true! why, Sir, as I was going to say, his highness here, the Prince, was taken in a cradle by a fisherman, and brought up as his child.

Smith. Indeed!

Bayes. Nay, prithee hold thy peace. And so, Sir, this murder being committed by the river-side, the fisherman, upon suspicion, was seiz'd, and thereupon the prince grew angry.

Smith. So, so; now 'tis very plain.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, is not this some disparagement to a Prince to pass for a fisherman's son? have a care of that, I pray.

Bayes. No, no, not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again presently, you shall see.

Enter PRETTYMAN and THIMBLE.

Pret. By all the gods I'll set the world on fire,
Rather than let 'em ravish hence my fire.

Thim. Brave Prettyman, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy sire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo' you now, there he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done, i'faith!

Bayes. Ay, now the plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What oracle this darknefs can evince !

Sometimes a fisher's son, sometimes a prince.

It is a secret great as is the world,

In which I, like the soul, am toss'd and hurl'd.

The blackest ink of fate sure was my lot,

And, when she writ my name, she made a blot. [*Ex.*]

Bayes. There's a blustering verse for you now.

Smith. Yes, Sir : but why is he so mightily troubled
to find he is not a fisherman's son ?

Bayes. Phoo ! that is not because he has a mind to
be his son, but for fear he should be thought to be no-
body's son at all.

Smith. Nay, that would trouble a man indeed.

Bayes. So, let me see.

S C E N E V.

Enter Prince VOLSCIUS going out of town.

Smith. I thought he had been gone to Piccadilly.

Bayes. Yes, he gave it out so ; but that was only to
cover his design.

Johns. What design ?

Bayes. Why, to head the army that lyes conceal'd
for him at Knight's-Bridge.

Johns. I see here's a great deal of plot, Mr Bayes.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break ; but we shall
have a world of more business anon.

*Enter Prince VOLSCIUS, CHLORIS, AMARYLLIS, and
HARRY with a riding-cloak and boots.*

Ama. Sir, you are cruel thus to leave the town,
And to retire to country solitude.

Chlo. We hop'd this summer, that we should at least
Have held the honour of your company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your company ; prettily ex-

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press'd: held the honour of your company ! Gadzookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johns. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extremely ; I don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious ; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
That you will here, with poor us, still remain !
Before your horses come pronounce our fate,
For then, alas ! I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad !

Volf. Harry, my boots ; for I'll go range among
My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban throng.

Smith. But pray, Mr Bayes, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army thus conceal'd in Knights-Bridge ?

Bayes. In Knights-Bridge ? Stay.

Johns. No, not if the inn-keeper be his friend.

Bayes. His friend ! ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance ; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

Smith. Yes, i'faith, so it might be very easy.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things easy, i'gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he's going out of town ; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him presently.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

Enter PARTHENOPE.

Volf. Bless me ! how frail are all my best resolves !

How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd !

Too soon I thought myself secure from love.

Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name

Who does so gently rob me of my fame ;

For I should meet the army out of town,

And, if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My mother, Sir, sells ale by the town walls,

And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

Bayes. Now, that's the Parthenope I told you of.

Johns. Ay, ay, i'gad you are very right.

Volf. Can vulgar vestments highborn beauty shroud?

Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

Bayes. The morning pictur'd in a cloud! ah! gad-zookers, what a conceit is there!

Par. Give you good even, Sir. [Exit.

Volf. O inauspicious star, that I was born

To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

Ama. } How, Prince Volscius in love? Ha, ha, ha!

Chlo. } [Exeunt laughing.

Smith. Sure, Mr Bayes, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of town, and then, as he's pulling on his boots, falls in love with her, Ha, ha, ha!

Smith. Well, and where lyes the jest of that?

Bayes. Ha! [Turns to Johnson.

Johns. Why, in the boots; where should the jest ly?

Bayes. I'gad, you are in the right; it does ly in the boots——[Turns to Smith.] Your friend and I know where a good jest lyes, tho' you don't, Sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, Sir.

Bayes. Here now, Mr Johnson, you shall see a combat betwixt love and honour. An ancient author has made a whole play on't, but I have dispatch'd it all in this scene.

VOLSCIUS sits down to pull on his boots: BAYES stands by, and overacts the part as he speaks it.

Volf. How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff!

This hasty boot is on, the other off,

And sullen lyes, with amorous design

To quit loud fame, and make that beauty mine.

Smith. Prithce, mark what pains Mr Bayes takes to act this speech himself!

Johns. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Volf. My legs, the emblem of my various thought,

Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.

Sometimes, with stubborn honour, like this boot,

My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't:

Sometimes, again, that very mind, by love
 Disarmed, like this other leg does prove.
 Shall I to Honour, or to Love give way?
 Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, Nay:
 Honour aloud commands, Pluck both boots on;
 But softer love does whisper, Put on none.
 What shall I do? What conduct shall I find
 To lead me thro' this twilight of my mind?
 For as bright day, with black approach of night
 Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light:
 So does my honour and my love, together,
 Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[Goes out hopping, with one boot on and t'other off.]

Johns. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a combat
 as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on
 neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now, i'gad, ha? For to go off
 hip-hop, hip-hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times
 better than any conclusion in the world, i'gad.

Johns. Indeed, Mr Bayes, that hip-hop, in this place,
 as you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all, Sir! they are these little things
 that mar, or set you off a play; as I remember once,
 in a play of mine, I set off a scene, i'gad, beyond ex-
 pectation, only with a petticoat and the belly-ake.

Smith. Pray, how was that, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I contriv'd a petticoat to be brought
 in upon a chair (no body knew how) into a prince's
 chamber, whose father was not to see it, that came in
 by chance.

Johns. God's-my-life, that was a notable contrivance
 indeed.

Smith. Ay, but, Mr Bayes, how could you contrive
 the belly-ake?

Bayes. The easiest i' the world, i'gad: I'll tell you
 how; I made the prince sit down upon the petticoat, no
 more than so, and pretended to his father that he had
 just then got the belly-ake; whereupon his father went
 out to call a physician, and his man ran away with the
 petticoat.

Smith. Well, and what followed upon that?

Bayes. Nothing, nothing earthly, I vow to gad.

Johns. On my word, Mr Bayes, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes, it gave a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides; for it made them all talk bawdry, Ha, ha, ha; beastly, downright bawdry upon the stage, i'gad, ha, ha, ha; but with an infinite deal of wit, that I must say.

Johns. That, ay, that, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No, i'gad can't it. Come, bring in the dance.

[Exit to call the players.]

Smith. Now, the devil take thee for a silly, confident, unnatural, fulsom rogue.

Enter BAYES and PLAYERS.

Bayes. Pray dance well before these gentlemen; you are commonly so lazy; but you should be light and easy. Tah, tah, tah. *[All the while they dance, Bayes puts 'em out with teaching them]* Well, Gentlemen, you'll see this dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Smith. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I'm sure you sweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smith. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themselves; for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day: but, i'gad, these players are such dull persons, that if a man be not by 'em upon every point, and at every turn, i'gad, they'll mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a PLAYER.

What, is the funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the lance filled with wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a-doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it myself.

Smith. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A match. But, Mr Johnson, i'gad, I am not like other persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for 'em: now, i'gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be, in every circumstance, to every particular, i'gad, I am no more able to endure it, I am not myself, I am out of my wits, and all that; I am the strangest person in the whole world: for what care I for money? I write for reputation. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

BAYES and the two GENTLEMEN.

BAYES.

GENTLEMEN, because I would not have any two things alike in this play, the last beginning with a witty scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a funeral.

Smith. And is that all your reason for it, Mr Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir, I have a precedent for it besides. A person of honour, and a scholar, brought in his funeral just so: and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belonged to a funeral as any man in England, i'gad.

Johns. Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

Bayes. I'gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the plot or characters, (for in my heroic plays I make no difference as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

Smith. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I designed a conquest, that cannot possibly, i'gad, be acted in less than a whole week? And, I'll speak a bold word, it shall drum, trumpet, shout and battle, i'gad, with any the most warlike tragedy we have, either ancient or modern.

Johns. Ay, marry, Sir, there you say something,

Act IV. The REHEARSAL. 47

Smith. And pray, Sir, how have you ordered this same frolic of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the rule of romance; for example, they divide their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many tomes as they please: now, I would very fain know what should hinder me from doing the same with my things, if I please.

Johns. Nay, if you should not be master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my sense. And then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has something of the reason of a play in it too; for, as every one makes you five acts to one play, what do I, but make five plays to one plot: by which means the auditors have every day a new thing.

Johns. Most admirably good, i'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon Saturday, to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a Monday), I make you, Sir, a sixth play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

Johns. That consideration, Mr. Bayes, indeed, I think, will be very necessary.

Smith. And when comes in your share, pray, Sir?

Bayes. The third week.

Johns. I vow you'll get a world of money.

Bayes. Why, faith, a man must live; and if you don't thus pitch upon some new device, i'gad, you'll never do't: for this age (take it o'my word) is somewhat hard to please. But there is one pretty odd passage in the last of these plays, which may be executed two several ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

Johns. What is't, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a male person to be in love with a female.

Smith. Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear: he having passionately lov'd her thro' my five whole plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his mother had appear'd to him like a ghost,

he kills himself: that's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills herself. Now, my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

Johns. By my troth it is a very hard case to decide.

Bayes. The hardest in the world, i'gad, and has puzzled this pate very much. What say you, Mr Smith?

Smith. Why, truly, Mr. Bayes, if it might stand, with your justice, now, I would spare 'em both.

Bayes. I'gad, and I think — ha — why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing herself. Ay, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the funeral.

Enter a funeral, with the two USURPERS and Attendants,

Lay it down there; no, no, here, Sir. So, now speak.

K. Uss. Set down the funeral-pile, and let our grief Receive from its embraces some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death?
The world discovers now its emptiness,
And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good language, now? is not that elevate? 'tis my *non ultra*, i'gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

Smith. With her! with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is Lardella's funeral.

Smith. Lardella! ay, who is she?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the sister of Drawcanfir: a Lady that was drown'd at sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.

K. Uss. Lardella, O Lardella, from above

Behold the tragick issues of our love:

Pity us sinking under grief and pain,

For thy being cast away upon the main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true.

Smith. Ay, Sir, and I thank you for it very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, i'gad, but you will not have patience; hone Mr — a — you will not have patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr Bayes, who is that Drawcanfir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, -a fierce hero, that frights his mistress, smubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good manners, or justice.

Johns. A very pretty character.

Smith. But, Mr Bayes, I thought your heroes had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole armies, above all your moral virtues put together, i'gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper?

[To the players.]

K. Phys. O, cry you mercy. [Goes to take the paper.]

Bayes. Pish! nay, you are such a fumbler. Come, I'll read it myself. [Takes a paper from off the coffin.] Stay, 'tis an ill hand, I must use my spectacles. This now is a copy of verses, which I make Lardella compose just as she is dying, with design to have it pinn'd upon her coffin, and so read by one of the usurpers, who is her cousin.

Smith. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr Bayes.

Bayes. And what do you think, now, I fancy her to make love like, here, in this paper?

Smith. Like a woman: what should she make love like?

Bayes. O' my word you are out tho', Sir; i'gad you are.

Smith. What then? like a man?

Bayes. No, Sir; like a humble-bee.

Smith. I confess, that I should not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be so, Sir; but it is tho' in order to the opinion of some of your ancient philosophers, who held the transmigration of the soul.

Smith. Very fine!

Bayes. I'll read the title. To my dear Genx. King Physf.

Smith. That's a little too familiar with a king, tho', Sir, by your favour, for a humble-bee.

Bayes. Mr Smith, in other things, I grant, your knowledge may be above me; but, as for poetry, give me

leave to say, I understand that better : It has been longer my practice : it has indeed, Sir.

Smith. Your servant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it.

[*Reads.*

Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come a humble-bee to your chaste love :
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz ;
Or else, before you, in the sun-beams, buz ;
And when to melancholy groves you come,
An airy ghost, you'll know me by my hum ;
For sound, being air, a ghost does well become.

Smith, after a pause.] Admirable !

Bayes. At night into your bosom I will creep,
And buz but softly if you chance to sleep :
Yet in your dreams I will pass sweeping by,
And then both hum and buz before your eye.

Johns. By my troth that's a very great promise.

Smith. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

Bayes. Your bed of love from dangers I will free,
But most from love of any future bee ;
And when with pity your heart-strings shall crack,
With empty arms I'll bear you on my back.

Smith. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, i'gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha ? is it not *tuant* ? Here's the end.

Then at your birth of immortality,
Like any winged archer hence I'll fly,
And teach you your first flutt'ring in the sky.

Johns. O rare ! this is the most natural, retin'd fancy. that ever I heard, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good way enough of making love : for, being divested of her terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come, draw your swords.

K. Phys. Come, sword, come sheath thyself within this breast,

Which only in Lardella's tomb can rest.

K. Urb. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from Lardella's love depart.

Enter PALLAS.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At Pallas's commands :
For the supposed dead, O kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella lives ; I did but try
If princes for their loves could die.
Such celestial constancy
Shall by the gods rewarded be :
And from these funeral obsequies
A nuptial banquet shall arise.

[The coffin opens, and a banquet is discover'd.]

Bayes. So, take away the coffin : now 'tis out. This
is the very funeral of the fair person which Volscius
sent word was dead ; and Pallas, you see, has turn'd it
into a banquet.

Smith. Well, but where is this banquet ?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a dance
for joy that Lardella is not dead. Pray, Sir, give me
leave to bring in my things properly at least.

Smith. That, indeed, I had forgot : I ask your
pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye so, Sir ? I am glad you will confess
yourself once in an error, Mr Smith.

D A N C E.

K. Urb. Resplendent Pallas, we in thee do find
The fiercest beauty and a fiercer mind :
And since to thee Lardella's life we owe,
We'll supple statues in thy temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive Lardella's found,
Let in full bowls her health go round.

*[The two usurers take each of them a bowl in
their hands.]*

K. Urb. But where's the wine ?

Pal. That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering lance
Does flow the purest wine of France :
And, to appease your hunger, I
Have in my helmet brought a pye :

*Fills the
bowls out
of her
lance.*

Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a buckler made of cheese. [*Vanish Pallas.*]

Bayes. There's the banquet. Are you satisfy'd now,
Sir?

Johns. By my troth, now, that is new, and more
than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you: for the
chief art in poetry is to elevate your expectation, and
then bring you off some extraordinary way.

Enter DRAWCANSIR.

K. Phys. What man is this that dares disturb our
feast?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares
die;

And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johns. That is, Mr Bayes, as much as to say, that
tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet he would
fain drink on for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the conceit on't.

Johns. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

Bayes. Now, there are some critics that have advis'd
me to put out the second *dare*, and print *must* in the
place on't; but, i'gad, I think 'tis better thus a great
deal.

Johns. Whoo! a thousand times.

Bayes. Go on then.

K. Uzb. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know,
How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go?

Bayes. Is not that, now, like a well-bred person, i'gad?
So modest, so gent!

Smith. O very like.

Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay;
But you shall know I'll take your bowls away.

[*Snatches the bowls out of the kings hands, and
drinks 'em off.*]

Smith. But, Mr Bayes, is that, too, modest and gent?

Bayes. No, i'gad, Sir, but 'tis great.

K. Uzb. Tho', brother, this grum stranger be a clown,
He'll leave us sure a little to gulp down.

Draw. Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll stare away his very pow'r to drink.

[The two Kings sneak off the stage with their Attendants.]

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare,
And all this I can do, because I dare. *[Exit.]*

Smith. I suppose, Mr Bayes, this is the fierce hero you spoke of?

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see him in the last act win above a dozen of battles, one after another, i'gad, as fast as they can possibly come upon the stage.

Johns. That will be a sight worth the seeing, indeed.

Smith. But pray, Mr Bayes, why do you make the kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that's to raise the character of Draw-canfir.

Johns. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sirs, I'll shew you a scene, indeed; or rather, indeed, the scene of scenes. 'Tis an heroic scene.

Smith. And pray, Sir, what's your design in this scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my design is gilded truncheons, forced conceit, smooth verse, and a rant: in fine, if this scene don't take, i'gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr——a——day, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the stage.

Smith. Why fill the stage?

Bayes. O, Sir, because your heroic verse never sounds well but when the stage is full.

S C E N E II.

Enter Prince PRETTYMAN and Prince VOLSCIUS.

Nay, hold, hold; pray, by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this scene is somewhat more than ordinary; for I make 'em both fall out because they are not both in love with the same woman.

Smith. Not in love! you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir; I say, not in love; there's a new conceit for you. Now speak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince Volscius, now has found the way

For our so long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Volsc. I gladly would that story from thee learn.

But thou to love dost, Prettyman, incline;
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

Bayes. Antithesis! thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itself's the same, why should it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reasoning! i'gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Volsc. Love takes, camellion-like, a various dye
From ev'ry plant on which itself does ly.

Bayes. Simile!

Pret. Let not thy love the course of nature fright:
Nature does most in harmony delight.

Volsc. How weak a deity would Nature prove,
Contending with the powerful god of love!

Bayes. There's a great verse!

Volsc. If incense thou wilt offer at the shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her rosy lips eternal sweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames else look
pale.

Bayes. I'gad that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull incense may thy love suffice;
But mine must be ador'd with sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes which her eyes controul;
The body they consume as well as soul.

Volsc. My love has yet a power more divine;
Victims her altars burn not, but refine;
Amidst the flames they ne'er give up the ghost,
But, with her looks, revive still as they roast.
In spite of pain and death they're kept alive;
Her fiery eyes make 'em in fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well, i'gad, as I can do.

Volf. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, i'gad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a Whale;
In whose vast bulk tho' store of oil doth ly,
We find more shape, more beauty in a fly.

Smith. That's uncivil, i'gad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far-fetch'd a fancy, tho', i'gad,
as e'er you saw.

Volf. Soft, Prettyman, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame love's excellence:
Parthenope is, sure, as far above
All other loves, as above all is love.

Bayes. Ah! i'gad that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my Chloris Gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Volf. Were all Gods join'd, they could not hope to mend
My better choice: for fair Parthenope
Gods would themselves un-god themselves to see.

Bayes. Now the rant's a-coming.

Pret. Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that God subscribe himself a devil.

Bayes. Ay, gadzookers, that's well writ!

[Scratching his head, his peruke falls off.]

Volf. Couldst thou that God from heav'n to earth
translate,

He could not fear to want a heav'nly state;
Parthenope, on earth, can heav'n create.

Pret. Chloris does heav'n itself so far excel,
She can transcend the joys of heav'n in hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you, now! 'Sdeath,
I have lost my peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is what
I never yet saw any one could write but myself. Here's
true spirit and flame all through, i'gad. So, so, pray
clear the stage. *[He puts 'em off the stage.]*

Johns. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack
of writing smooth verse thus.

Smith. Why, there's no need of brain for this; 'tis
but scanning the labours on the finger: but where's
the sense of it?

Johns. O! for that he desires to be excus'd: He is

too proud a man to creep servilely after sense, I assure you. But pray, Mr Bayes, why is this scene in verse?

Bayes. O, Sir, the subject is too great for prose.

Smith. Well said, i'faith; I'll give thee a pot of ale for that answer; 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that God subscribe himself a devil.

That single line, i'gad, is worth all that my brother poets ever writ. Let down the curtain. [*Exeunt,*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

BAYES and the two GENTLEMEN.

BAYES.

NOW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for those I don't value; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine, I'll justify it to be as grand to the eye, every whit, i'gad, as that great scene in Harry the Eighth, and grander too, i'gad; for, instead of two Bishops, I bring in here four Cardinals.

[The curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in state, with the four Cardinals, Prince Prettyman, Prince Volscius, Amaryllis, Chloris, Parthenope, &c. before them Heralds and Serjeants at arms with maces.]

Smith. Mr Bayes, pray, what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in hats, and the other in caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, because—By Gad I won't tell you. Your country-friend, Sir, grows so troublesome——

[To Johnson.

K. Uth. Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

K. Phys. Speak, Volscius.

Volsc. Dread sovereign Lords, my zeal to you must not invade my duty to your son; let me intreat that great Prince Prettyman first to speak, whose high pre-eminence, in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that privilege.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold; you may perceive, now, that he is his son.

Johns. Yes, Sir, and we are much beholden to you for that discovery.

Pret. Royal father, upon my knees I beg That the illustrious Volscius first be heard.

Vols. That preference is only due to Amarryllis, Sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible sovereigns— [Soft music.

K. Uss. But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the musick of the moving spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes, from far,
A god-like cloud and a triumphant car;

In which our two right Kings sit one by one,
With virgin's veils and laurel garlands on.

K. Uss. Then, brother Phys. 'tis time we should be gone. [The two usurpers steal out of the throne, and go away.]

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easy a change as the other?

Smiths. Yes, faith, you did so; though I confess I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

[The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the clouds, singing, in white garments; and three Fiddlers sitting before them in green.]

Bayes. Now, because the two right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the tune and stile of our modern spirits.

1 King. Haste, brother King, we are sent from above.

2 King. Let us move, let us move;

Move to remove the fate

Of Brentford's long united state.

1 King. Tarra, ran, tarra, full east and by south.

2 King. We sail with thunder in our mouth,

In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller stays;

Busy, busy, busy, busy, we bustle along,

Mounted upon warm Phœbus's rays,

Through the heavenly throng.

Hasting to these

Who will feast us at night with a pig's petty-toes.

1 *King*. And we'll fall with our pate

In an oillio of hate.

2 *King*. But now supper's done, the servitors try,
Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon pye.

1 *King*. They gather, they gather hot custards in
spoons :

But, alas ! I must leave these half-moons,

And repair to my trusty dragoons.

2 *King*. O stay, for you need not as yet go astray,
The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our
way,

And on their high ropes we will play :

Like maggots in filbirds we'll snug in our shell,

We'll frisk in our shell,

We'll firk in our shell,

And farewell.

1 *King*. But the ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green frogs croak out a coranto of
France.

Bayes. Is not that pretty now ? the fiddlers are all in
green.

Smith. Ay, but they play no coranto.

Johns. No, but they play a tune that's a great deal
better.

Bayes. No coranto, quotha ! That's a good one, with
all my heart. Come, sing on.

2 *King*. Now mortals, that hear

How we tilt and career,

With wonder will fear

The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King*. Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King*. Then call me to help you if there shall be
need.

1 *King*. So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford King,
To save the distress'd, and help to 'em to bring,
That, e'er a full pot of good ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a hallow.

[*Bayes fillips his fingers, and sings after 'em.*]

Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a hallow. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a conjurer.

Johns. Ay, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus it is more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smith. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring them down again into the throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

Smith. Well; but methinks the sense of this song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain! Why, did you ever hear any people in clouds speak plain? They must be all for sight of fancy at its full range, without the least check or controul upon it. When once you ty up spirits, and people in clouds, to speak plain, you spoil all.

Smith. Bless me, what a monster's this!

[*The two Kings alight out of the clouds, and step into the throne.*]

1 King. Come, now, to serious council we'll advance.

2 King. I do agree; but, first, let's have a dance.

Bayes. Right; you did that very well, Mr Cartwright. But, first, let's have a dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so: for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought and premeditation. But, first, let's have a dance: pray, remember that.

Smith. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue, there's no enduring of him.

Johns. No, prithee, make use of thy patience a little longer, let's see the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand dance.*]

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient dance, of right belonging to the Kings of Brentford, but since derived, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An alarm. Enter two HERALDS.

1 King. What saucy groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her.* The army's at the door, and, in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties.

2 *Her.* Having from Knight's-bridge hither march'd
by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

Smith. How, Mr Bayes, the army in disguise!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the usurpers might discover
them, that went out but just now.

Smith. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the design.

1 *King.* Here, take five guineas for those warlike men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the sum
just ten.

1 *Her.* We have not seen so much the Lord knows
when. [*Exeunt* Herald.

1 *King.* Speak on, brave Amaryllis.

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns, blame not my modesty,
if, at this grand conjuncture——

[*Drums beat behind the stage.*

1 *King.* What dreadful noise is this that comes and
goes?

Enter a SOLDIER with his sword drawn.

Sold. Haste hence, great Sirs, your royal persons save,
For the event of war no mortal knows:

The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to words, and then to handy-blows.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a stanza, and
a handsome come-off?

2 *King.* O dangerous estate of sovereign pow'r!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King.* Let us for shelter in our cabin stay;
Perhaps these threatening storms may pass away.

[*Exeunt.*

Johas. But, Mr Bayes, did not you promise us, just
now, to make Amaryllis speak very well?

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but they
hinder'd her.

Smith. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, the plot lay so, that, I vow to Gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smith. Marry, that was hard.

Johns. But, pray, who hindered her?

Bayes. Why, the battle, Sir, that's just coming in at the door: and I'll tell you now a strange thing; tho' I don't pretend to do more than other men, i'gad, I'll give you both a whole week to guess how I'll represent this battle.

Smith. I had rather be bound to fight your battle, I assure you, Sir.

Bayes. Whoo! there's it now: fight a battle! there's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why, pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing; can you think it a decent thing, in a battle before ladies, to have men run their swords through one another, and all that?

Johns. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right; on the other side, to have a long relation of squadrons here, and squadrons there; what is it but dull prolixity?

Johns. Excellently reasoned, by my troth!

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those indecuments, I sum up the whole battle in the representation of two persons only, no more; and yet so lively, that, I vow to Gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it, really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Smith. Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear tho', for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, but you would tho', when you see it; for I make 'em both come out in armour, cap-a-pie, with their swords drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at their wrist, which, you know, represents fighting enough.

Johns. Ay, ay, so much, that, if I were in your place, I would make 'em go out again without ever speaking one word.

Bayes. No, there you are out; for I make each of 'em hold a lute in his hand.

Smith. How, Sir, instead of a buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a buckler! Pray, Sir, do you ask no more questions. I make 'em, Sirs, play the battle *in recitativo*. And here's the conceit. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his sword, and puts himself into a warlike posture; so that you have at once your ear entertained with music and good language, and your eye satisfied with the garb and accoutrements of war.

Smith. I confess, Sir, you stupify me.

Bayes. You shall see.

Johns. But, Mr Bayes, might not we have a little fighting? for I love those plays where they cut and slash one another upon the stage for a whole hour together.

Bayes. Why, then, to tell you true, I have contrived it both ways: but you shall have my *recitativo* first.

Johns. Ay, now you are right: there is nothing then can be objected against it.

Bayes. True; and so, i'gad, I'll make it too a tragedy in a trice.

Enter, at several doors, the GENERAL and LIEUTENANT-GENERAL armed cap-a-pie, with each of them a lute in his hand, and a sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at his wrist.

Lieut.-Gen. Villain, thou liest!

Gen. Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm; what, ho!

The lie no flesh can brook, I trow.

Lieut.-Gen. Advance from Acton with the musqueteers.

Gen. Draw down the Chelsea cuirassiers.

Lieut.-Gen. The band you boast of Chelsea cuirassiers, shall, in my Putney pikes, now meet their peers.

Gen. Chiswickians, aged and renowned in fight,
Join with the Hammer Smith brigade.

Lieut.-Gen. You'll find my Mortlake boys will do them right,

Unlets by Fulham numbers overlaid.

Act V. The REHEARSAL. 63

Gen. Let the left wing of Twick'nam foot advance,
And line that eastern hedge.

Lieut.-Gen. The horse I rais'd in Petty-France
Shall try their chance,
And scour the meadows overgrown with sedge.

Gen. Stand ; give the word.

Lieut.-Gen. Bright sword.

Gen. That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.

Lieut.-Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue ; they flee

That first did give the lie. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. This now is not improper, I think, because
the spectators know all these towns, and may easily
conceive them to be within the dominions of the two
Kings of Brentford.

Johns. Most exceeding well design'd !

Bayes. How do you think I have contrived to give a
stop to this battle ?

Smith. How ?

Bayes. By an eclipse ; which, let me tell you, is a
kind of fancy that was never yet so much as thought
of but by myself, and one person more that shall be
nameless.

Enter LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

Lieut.-Gen. What midnight darkness does invade the
day,

And snatch the victor from his conquer'd prey ?

Is the sun weary of this bloody fight,

And winks upon us with the eye of light ?

'Tis an eclipse ! This was unkind, O Moon,

To clap between me and the Sun so soon.

Foolish eclipse ! thou this in vain hast done ;

My brighter honour had eclips'd the Sun :

But now behold eclipses two in one. [*Exit.* }

Johns. This is an admirable representation of a battle,
as ever I saw.

Bayes. Ay, Sir; but how would you fancy now to represent an eclipse?

Smith. Why, that's to be supposed.

Bayes. Supposed! ay, you are ever at your suppose: Ha, ha, ha! Why, you may as well suppose the whole play. No, it must come in upon the stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I'm sure is new, and, I believe, to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a dialogue between Phœbus and Aurora, in the *Slighted Maid*; which, by my troth, was very pretty: but, I think, you'll confess this is a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't, Mr Bayes, a great deal better.

[*Bayes hugs Johnson, then turns to Smith.*]

Bayes. Ah, dear rogue! But—a—Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the moon is nothing but an interposition of the earth between the sun and moon; as likewise your eclipse of the sun is caused by an interlocation of the moon betwixt the earth and the sun.

Smith. I have heard some such thing, indeed.

Bayes. Why, Sir, then what do I, but make the earth, sun and moon come out upon the stage, and dance the hey-hum; and of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the earth must be sometimes between the sun and the moon, and the moon between the earth and sun; and there you have both eclipses by demonstration.

Johns. That must needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in't too of a joke, I bring 'em in all singing, and make the moon sell the earth a bargain. Come, come out, eclipse, to the tune of Tom Tyler.

Enter LUNA.

Luna. Orbis, O Orbis!

Come to me, thou little rogue Orbis.

Enter the EARTH.

Orb. Who calls *Terra firma*, pray?

Luna. Luna, that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means Luna in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.

Bayes. There's the bargain.

Enter SOL to the tune of Robin Hood.

Sol. Fy, sister, fy! thou mak'st me mule,

Derry down, derry down.

To see thee *Orb.* abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;

Since I shew'd it out of love.

Hey down, derry down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,

Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

Luna. To-morrow soon, ere it be noon,

On Mount Vesuvio, on Mount Vesuvio.

Sol. Then I will shine.

[To the tune of Trenchmore.]

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippara wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

[As they dance the Hey, Bayes speaks.]

Bayes. Now the Earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun; there's the eclipse again.

Smith. He's mightily taken with this, I see.

Johnf. Ay, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he chuse?

Bayes. So now, vanish eclipse, and enter t'other battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

[A battle is fought between foot and great hobby-horses.]

At last Drawcansir comes in, and kills 'em all on both sides. All the while the battle is fighting, Bayes is telling them when to shout, and shouts with them.]

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill,

But I the blood of thousands daily spill.

Let petty kings the names of parties know:

Where-e'er I come I slay both friend and foe.

The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controuls,
 And from their bodies drives their trembling souls.
 If they had wings, and to the Gods could fly,
 I would pursue, and beat them thro' the sky;
 And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, see
 This single arm more dreadful is than he.

[Exit.

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you, now, Sirs.
 You may talk of your Hectors and Achillises, and I know
 not who; but I defy all your histories, and your ro-
 mances too, to shew me one such conqueror as this
 Drawcansir.

Johns. I swear I think you may.

Smith. But, Mr Bayes, how shall these dead men go
 off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. Go off? why, as they came on; upon their
 legs: How should they go off? Why, do you think the
 people here don't know they are not dead? he's mighty
 ignorant, poor man! Your friend here is very silly,
 Mr Johnson, igad he is; ha, ha, ha! Come, Sir, I'll
 shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and
 go about your business. There's go off for you, now;
 Ha, ha, ha! Mr Ivory, a word: Gentlemen, I'll be with
 you presently.

[Exit.

Johns. Will you so? Then we'll be gone.

Smith. Ay, prithee, let's go, that we may preserve
 our hearing. One battle more will take mine quite
 away.

[Exeunt.

Enter BAYES and PLAYERS.

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 Play. They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! S'death, this act is best of all! I'll
 go fetch 'em again.

[Exit.

1 Play. What shall we do, now he's gone away?

2 Play. Why, so much the better; then let's go
 to dinner.

3 Play. Stay, here's a foul piece of paper. Let's see
 what 'tis.

3 or 4 Play. Ay, ay, come, let's hear it.

[Reads. *The argument of the fifth act.*

3 *Play*. Chloris, at length, being sensible of Prince Prettyman's passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to church, Prince Prettyman meeting, by chance, with old Joan the chandler's widow, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with Chloris, out of a high point of honour breaks off his match with Chloris, and marries old Joan. Upon which Chloris, in despair, drowns herself, and Prince Prettyman discontentedly walks by the river side.—This will never do; 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone.

Most of the Players. Ay, pox on't, let's go away.
[*Exeunt*.]

Enter BAYES.

Bayes. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweet to run after 'em. A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner than see this play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come, Mr—a—where are you, Sir? Come away, quick, quick.

Enter STAGE-KEEPER.

Stage-k. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the players.

Stage-k. Why, an't please your Worship, Sir, the players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the players gone to dinner! 'tis impossible! the players gone to dinner! i'gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does them the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I'gad I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick, i'gad, I'll be revenged on 'em; I'll sell this play to the other house.

Stage-k. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the book: you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here this afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one, I must reserve this comfort to myself, my play and I shall go together; we will not part, indeed, Sir.

Stage-k. But what will the town say, Sir?

Bayes. The town! why, what care I for the town? i'gad the town us'd me as scurvily as the players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on 'em too; for I'll lampoon 'em all. And, since they will not admit of my plays, they shall know what a satyrift I am. And so farewell to this stage, i'gad, for ever. [*Exit Bayes.*]

Enter PLAYERS.

1 *Play.* Come then, let's set up bills for another play.

2 *Play.* Ay, ay; we shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's see Haynes and Shirely practise the last dance; for that may serve us another time.

2 *Play.* I'll call 'em in; I think they are but in the tiring-room.

The Dance done,

1 *Play.* Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt omnes**.]

* The *Rehearsal* was wrote by George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, one of the most extraordinary men of his age. It may be considered as one of the finest pieces of satire and criticism that ever was produced by the happy conjunction of a judgment steady, and a genius exalted. The intention of the author was, to expose the rants of actors, the bombast of authors, and the fondness for plays in heroic rhyme which then prevailed; but it certainly has this conspicuous imperfection, that while it endeavours to explode one method, it does not attempt to erect a better.

KEY to the REHEARSAL.

A C T I.

Note 1. Page 13. line 7.

BAYES.

" I N fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot,
and shew; ay, and pit, box, and gallery, i'gad,
" with any play in Europe."

The usual language of the Hon. Edward Howard Esq; at the rehearsal of his plays.

Note 2. Page 14. line 37.

Bayes. " These my rules."

He who writ this, not without pain and thought;
From French and English theatres has brought
Th' exactest rules by which a play is wrought.
The unity of action, place, and time,
The scenes unbroken, and a mingled chime
Of Johnson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme.

Prologue to the Maiden-Queen.

Note 3. Page 16. line 1.

Bayes. " I writ that part only for her. You must
" know she is my mistress."

The part of Amaryllis was acted by Mrs Anne Reeves, who, at that time, was kept by Mr Bayes.

Note 4. Page 17. Line 4.

Two Kings of Brentford, supposed to be the two-brothers, the King and the Duke.

See note 1. on the fourth act.

Note 5. Page 17. line ult.

See the two prologues to the Maiden-Queen.

Note 6. Page 18. line ult.

" I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper
" to insinuate the plot into the boxes."

There were printed papers given the audience, be-

fore the acting the Indian Emperor, telling them that it was the sequel of the Indian Queen; part of which play was written by Mr Bayes, &c.

Note 7. Page 19. line 12.

"Persons, i'gad, I vow to Gad, and all that," is the constant style of Failer in the Wild Gallant; for which take this short speech instead of many.

Failer. "Really, Madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth, and all that, that, I vow to Gad, I honour you of all persons in the world; and tho' I am a person that am inconsiderable in the world, and all that, Madam, yet, for a person of your worth and excellency, I would." *Wild Gallant*, p. 8.

Note 8. Page 19. line 33.

Bayes. "No, Sir, there are certain eyes upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from."

He contracted with the King's company of actors, in the year 1668, for a whole share, to write them four plays a year.

Note 9. Page 20. line 23.

"So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky;
Boar beckons sow to trot to chestnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd loves:
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each other's moan."

In ridicule of this.

So two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gath'ring in the sky;
Each calls his mate to shelter in the groves,
Leaving, in murmurs, their unfinish'd loves:
Perch'd on some dropping branch, they sit alone,
And coo, and hearken to each other's moan.

Conquest of Granada, part II. p. 48.

Note 10. Page 21. line 3.

Thun. "I am the bold Thunder."

Light. "The brisk Lightning I."

I am the Evening dark as night.

Slighted Maid, p. 48.

ACT II. KEY to the REHEARSAL. 71

Note 11. Page 12. line 16.

Let the men 'ware the ditches;
Maids look to their breeches;
We'll scratch them with briars and thistles.

Ibid, p. 49.

Note 12. Page 21. line 33.

Abraham Ivory had formerly been a considerable actor of womens parts; but afterwards stupified himself so far, with drinking strong waters, that, before the first acting this farce, he was fit for nothing but to go of errands, for which, and mere charity, the company allowed him a weekly salary.

A C T II.

Note 1. Page 22. line 6.

"I Begin this play with a whisper."

Drake Sen. Draw up your men,
And in low whispers give our orders out.

Play-house to be lett, p. 100.

See the Amorous Prince, p. 20, 22, 39, 69; where you will find all the chief commands and directions are given in whispers.

Note 2. Page 24. line 14.

"Mr William Wintershull was a most excellent judicious actor, and the best instructor of others. He died in July 1679."

Note 3. Page 25. line 11.

Bayss. "If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets."
See Note 6. on Act III.

Note 4. Page 25. line 26.

"Take snuff." He was a great taker of snuff, and made most of it himself.

Note 5. Page 27. line 19.

"Intrigue in a late play".

The Lost Lady, by Sir Robert Stapleton.

Note 6. Page 28. line 3.

"As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find
T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,

Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away;
He spreads his woofed arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears."

In imitation of this passage.

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head:
So shrouded up your beauty disappears;
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears;
The storm, that caus'd your fright, is past and gone.

Conquest of Granada, part I. p. 55.

Note 7. Page 31. line 5.

Bayes. "The whole state's turn'd," &c.

Such easy turns of state are frequent in our modern plays, where we see princes dethroned, and governments changed, 'by very feeble means, and on slight occasions; particularly in *Marriage a-la-mode*, a play writ since the first publication of this farce; where (to pass by the dulness of the state-part, the obscurity of the comic, the near resemblance Leonidas bears to our Prince Prettyman, being sometimes a King's son, sometimes a shepherd's, and not to question how Amalthea comes to be a Princess, her brother, the King's great favourite, being but a lord) 'tis worth our while to observe how easily the fierce and jealous usurper is deposed, and the right heir placed on the throne; and it is thus related by the said imaginary Princess.

Amalth. Oh! gentlemen, if you have loyalty,
Or courage, shew it now: Leonidas
Broke on a sudden from his guards, and snatching
A sword from one, his back against the scaffold,
Bravely defends himself, and owns aloud
He is our long-lost King, found for this moment;
But, if your valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his guards, mov'd by the sense of virtue,
Are turn'd for him, and there they stand at bay

ACT III. KEY to the REHEARSAL 73

Against an host of foes. *Marriage a-la-mode*, p. 69.

This shews Mr Bayes to be a man of great constancy, and firm to his resolution, and not to be laughed out of his own method, agreeable to what he says in the next Act ;

“ As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say.”

Note 8. Page 31. Line 15.

“ Hey day! hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say.”

I know not what to say, or what to think!

I know not when I sleep, or when I wake!

Love and Friendship, p. 46.

My doubts and fears my reason do dismay,

I know not what to do, or what to say. *Pandora*, p. 46.

A C T III.

Note 1. Page 34. Line 7.

PRINCE Prettyman and Tom Thimble. Failer and Bibber his taylor, in the *Wild Gallant*, p. 5, 6.

Note 2. Page 34. Line 35.

Bayes. “ There’s a bob for the court.”

Nay, if that be all, there’s no such haste. The courtiers are not so forward to pay their debts.

Wild Gallant, p. 9.

Note 3. Page 35. Line 1.

Tom Thim. “ Ay, Sir, in your own coin: you give me nothing but words.

Take a little Bibber,

And throw him in the river;

And if he will trust never,

Then there let him ly ever.

Bibber. Then say I,

Take a little Failer,

And throw him to the jaylor,

And there let him ly

Till he has paid his taylor.

Wild Gallant, p. 12.

Note 4. Page 35. line 9.

Bayes. "Ay, pretty well; but—he does not Top his part."

A great word with Mr Edward Howard.

Note 5. Page 35. line 36.

Bayes. "As long as I know my things are good, what care I."

See the 7th Note on the second act.

Note 6. Page 36. line 20.

"Song. In swords, pikes, and bullets 'tis safer to be,
Than in a ~~strong~~ castle remoted from thee;
My death's bruise, pray think, you gave me, tho' a fall
Did give it me more from the top of a wall:
For then, if the moat on her mud wou'd first lay,
And after before you my body convey,
The blue on my breast when you happen to see,
You'll say, with a sigh, There's a true blue for me."

In imitation of this.

On seas, and in battles, through bullets and fire,
The danger is less than in hopeless desire.

My death's wound you gave me; though far off I bear
My fall from your sight, not to cost you a tear;
But if the kind flood on a wave would convey,
And under your window my body would lay,
When the wound on my breast you happen to see,
You'll say, with a sigh, it was given by me.

This is the latter part of a song made by Mr Bayes, on the death of Captain Digby, son of George Earl of Bristol, who was a passionate admirer of the Duchess Dowager of Richmond, called by the author Armida. He lost his life in a sea-fight against the Dutch, the 28th of May 1672.

Note 7. Page 36. line 36.

Jehuf. "Pit, box, and gallery, Mr Bayes!"

Mr Edward Howard's words.

Note 8. Page 37. line 25.

Cordel. "My Lieges, news from Volscius the Prince,
His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be."

Albert. Curtius, I've something to deliver to your ear.

Cur. Any thing from Alberto is welcome.

Amorous Prince, p. 39.

Act IV. KEY to the REHEARSAL. 75

Note 9. Page 42. line 12.

Volf. "Harry, my boots; for I'll go range among
My blades encamp'd, and quit this *urban* throng."

Let my horses be brought ready to the door, for I'll
go out of town this evening.

Into the country I'll with speed;

With hounds and hawks my fancy feed, &c.

Now I'll away, a country life

Shall be my mistress and my wife.

English Monsieur, p. 36, 38, 39.

Note 10. Page 42. line 32.

"Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name."

And what is this maid's name? *Ibid.* p. 40.

Note 11. Page 43. line 2.

"Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud."

I bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

Siege of Rhodes, part I. p. 10.

Note 12. Page 43. line 8.

Ama. "How! Prince Volscius in love! ha, ha, ha!"

Mr Comely in love! *English Monsieur*, p. 49.

Note 13. Page 43. line 22.

Bayes. "You shall see a combat betwixt love and
honour. An ancient author has writ a whole play
on't."

Sir William D'Avenant's play of *Love and Honour*.

Note 14. Page 44. line 4.

Volf. "Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, Nay."

But Honour says, not so. *Siege of Rhodes*, part I. p. 19.

Note 15. Page 44. line 23.

Bayes. "I remember once, in a play of mine, I set
off a scene, beyond expectation, only with a petticoat
and the belly-ake."

Love in a Nunnery, p. 34.

A C T IV.

Note 1. Page 46. line 14.

BAYES.

"GENTLEMEN, because I would not have any two
things alike in this play, the last act beginning

G 2

with a witty scene of mirth, I begin this with a funeral."

Col. Henry Howard, son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, made a play, called the *United Kingdoms*, which began with a funeral, and had also two kings in it. This gave the Duke a just occasion to set up two kings in Brentford, as 'tis generally believed, though others are of opinion that his Grace had our two brothers in his thoughts. It was acted at the Cock-Pit in Drury-Lane, soon after the restoration, but, miscarrying on the stage, the author had the modesty not to print it: and therefore the reader cannot reasonably expect any particular passages of it. Others say, that they are Boabdelin and Abdalla, the two contending kings of Granada; and Mr Dryden has, in the most of his serious plays, two contending kings of the same place.

Note 2. Page 46. line 32.

"I'll speak a bold word; it shall drum, trumpet, shout and battle, i'gad, with any the most warlike tragedy we have, either ancient or modern."

Conquest of Granada, in two parts.

Note 3. Page 48. line 27.

Smith. "Who is she?"

Bayes. The sister of Drawcansir, a lady that was drowned at sea, and had a wave to her winding-sheet."

On seas I bore her, and on seas I died;

I died, and for a winding-sheet a wave

I had; and all the ocean for my grave.

Conquest of Granada, part II. p. 113.

Note 4. Page 50. line 5.

Bayes. "Since death my earthly part will thus remove,

I'll come a humble-bee to your chaste love:

With silent wings I'll follow you, dear couz,

Or else before you in the sun-beams buz;

And when to melancholy groves you come,

An airy ghost, you'll know me by my hum;

For sound, being air, a ghost does well become.

At night into your bosom I will creep,

And buz but softly, if you chance to sleep;

Yet in your dreams I will pass sweeping by,
And then both hum and buz before your eye."

In ridicule of this.

————— My earthly part,
Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove ;
I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day,
Or else before you in the sun-beams play.
I'll lead you hence to melancholy groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves,
At night I will within your curtains peep,
With empty arms embrace you while you sleep :
In gentle dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing eye ;
All dangers from your bed I will remove,
But guard it most from any future love.
And when at last, in pity, you will die,
I'll watch your birth of immortality :
Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair,
And teach you your first flight in open air.

Tyrannic Love, p. 25.

Note 5. Page 51. line 36.

Pal. "Lo, from this conquering lance
Does flow the purest wine of France :
And, to appease your hunger, I
Have in my helmet brought a pye :
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a buckler made of cheese."

See the scene in *The Villain*, p. 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53. where the host furnishes his guests with a collation out of his clothes, a capon from his helmet, a tansey out of the lining of his cap, cream out of his scabbard, &c.

Note 6. Page 52. line 11.

K. Phyf. "What man is this that dares disturb our feast ?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,

And knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I."

In ridicule of this.

Almah. Who dares to interrupt my private walk?

Alman. He who dares love, and for that love must die,
And knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

Granada, part II. p. 114, 115.

Note 7. Page 52. line 21.

Bayes. "Now, there are some criticks that have advis'd me to put out the second *dare*, and print *must* in the place on't; but, i'gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal."

It was at first *dares die*.

Note 8. Page 52. line 32.

Draw. "You shall not know how long I here will stay;

But you shall know I'll take your bowls away."

Alman. I would not now, if thou wou'dst beg me, stay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.

Conquest of Granada, p. 32.

Note 9. Page 52. line 38.

K. Uzb. "Tho', brother, this grum stranger be a clown,
He'll leave us sure a little to gulp down.

Draw. Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll stare away his very power to drink."

In ridicule of this.

Alman. Thou dar'st not marry her while I'm in fight;
With a bent brow thy priest and thee I'll fright:
And, in that scene which all thy hopes and wishes shou'd content,

The thoughts of me shall make thee impotent. *Ibid. p. 5.*

Note 10. Page 53. line 5.

Draw. "I drink, I huff, I strut, look big, and stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare."

Spite of myself I'll stay, fight, love, despair;
And all this I can do, because I dare.

Granada, part II. p. 89.

Note 11. Page 55. line 18.

"Gods wou'd themselves ungod, themselves to see."

In ridicule of this.

Max. Thou liest: there's not a god inhabits there,
But for this Christian wou'd all heav'n forswear:

Act V. KEY to the REHEARSAL. 79

Ev'n Jove would try new shapes her love to win,
And in new birds and unknown beasts wou'd sin,
At least if Jove cou'd love like Maximin. }

Tyrannic Love, p. 17.

Note 12. Page 55. line 20.

Pret. "Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,
Pd take that god subscribe himself a devil."

Some god now, if he dare relate what pass'd;
Say but he's dead, that god shall mortal be. *Ibid.* p. 7.

Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be
Reveng'd at once upon the gods and thee. *Ibid.* p. 8.
What had the gods to do with me or mine? *Ibid.* p. 57.

Note 13. Page 56. line 1.

"He is too proud a man to creep servilely after sense,
I assure you."

Poets, like lovers, should be bold, and dare;
They spoil their business with an over care;
And he who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er can reach to excellence.

Prologue to Tyrannic Love.

A C T V.

Note 1. Page 57. line 11.

K. USHER.

"BUT stay, what sound is this invades our ears?"
What various noises do my ears invade,
And have a concert of confusion made?

Siege of Rhodes, p. 4.

Note 2. Page 57. line 31.

1 *King.* "Haste, brother king, we are sent from above.

2 *King.* Let us move, let us move;

Move to remove the fate

Of Brentford's long-united state.

1 *King.* Tarra, tan, tarra, full east and by south.

2 *King.* We sail with thunder in our mouth.

In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller stays,
Busy, busy, busy, busy, we bustle along,

80 KEY to the REHEARSAL. ACT V.

Mounted upon warm Phœbus's rays,
Through the heavenly throng,
Hasting to those

Who will feast us at night with a pig's petty toes.

1 King. And we'll fall with our pate
In an Ollio of hate.

2 King. But now supper's done, the servitors try,
Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon pye.

1 King. They gather, they gather hot custards in
spoons :

But, alas ! I must leave these half-moons,
And repair to my trusty dragoons.

2 King. O stay, for you need not as yet go astray ;
The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our way ;
And on their high ropes we will play ;
Like maggots in filberds we'll sirug in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,
We'll sirk in our shell,
And farewell.

1 King. But the ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green frogs croak out a coranto of France.

2 King. Now mortals, that hear
How we tilt and career,
With wonder will fear

Th' event of such things as shall never appear."

1 King. Stay you to fulfil what the gods have decreed.

2 King. Then call me to help you, if there shall be
need.

1 King. So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford King,
To save the distress'd, and help to 'em to bring,
That, ere a full-pot of good ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a hallow.

In ridicule of this.

Naker. Hark ! my Damilcar, we are call'd below.

Dam. Let us go ; let us go ;

Go to relieve the care

Of longing lovers in despair.

Naker. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,
Half-tipped at a rainbow-feast.

Dam. In the bright moonshine, while winds whistle
loud,

Act V. KEY to the REHEARSAL. 81

Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
 All racking along in a downy white cloud;
 And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
 We slide on the back of a new falling-star.

Naker. And drop from above,
 In a jelly of love.

Dam. But now the sun's down, and the element's red,
 The spirits of fire against us make head.

Naker. They muster, they muster, like gnats in the air,
 Alas! I must leave thee, my fair;
 And to my light-horseman repair.

Dam. O stay! for you need not to fear 'em to-night;
 The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight;
 And o'er the wide ocean we fight.
 Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down,
 And hiss in the water—

Both. And hiss in the water, and drown.

Naker. But their men ly securely intrench'd in a cloud,
 And a trumpeter-hornet to battle sounds loud.

Dam. Now mortals, that spy
 How we tilt in the sky,
 With wonder will gaze,
 And will fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.

Naker. Stay you to perform what the man will have
 done.

Dam. Then call me again when the battle is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a spirit of air,
 To pity the lover, and succour the fair,
 That silent and swift, that little soft god,
 Is here with a wish, and gone with a nod.

Tyrannick Love, p. 24. 25.

Note 3. Page 59. line 2.

Bayes. "This, Sir, you must know, I thought once
 to have brought in with a conjurer."

See *Tyrannick Love*, Act 4. Scene 1.

Note 4. Page 60. line 20.

"What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes!"

Sold. Hasten hence, great sirs, your royal persons save,
 For the event of war no mortal knows:

The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
 First fell to words, and then to handy-blows.

In ridicule of this.

What new misfortunes do these cries presage?

1 *Mess.* Haste all you can their fury to assuage,
 You are not safe from their rebellious rage. }

2 *Mess.* This minute if you grant not their desire,
 They'll seize your person, and your palace fire.

Granada, part II. p. 71.

Note 5. Page 62. line 19.

Bayes. " True; and so, i'gad, I'll make it too a
 Tragedy in a trice."

Aglura and the Vestal virgin are so contriv'd, by a
 little alteration towards the latter end of them, that
 they have been acted both ways, either as tragedies
 or comedies.

Note 6. Page 62. line 21.

The description of the scene of Generals, &c.

There needs nothing more to explain the meaning
 of this battle, than the perusal of the first part of the
 Siege of Rhodes, which was perform'd in Recitative
 Musick, by seven persons only, and the passage out of
 the Play house to be lett.

Note 7. Page 62. line 26.

" Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm. "

*The Siege of Rhodes begins thus :**Admiral.* Arm, arm, Valerius arm.

Note 8. Page 62. line 30.

Gen. " Draw down the Chelsea Curiaffiers. "*The third entry thus :*

Solym. Pyrrhus, draw down our army wide;
 Then, from the gros, two strong reserves divide,
 And spread the wings,
 As if we were to fight,
 In the lost Rhodians fight,
 With all the western Kings.
 Each with Janizaries line,
 The right and left to Haly's sons assign :
 The gros to Zangiban;
 The main artillery
 To Mustapha shall be :
 Bring thou the rear, we lead the van.

Act V. KEY to the REHEARSAL. 83

Note 9. Page 62. line 31.

Lieut. "The band you boast of Chelsea curiaffiers,
Shall in my Putney pikes, now meet their peers."

More pikes! more pikes! to reinforce
That squadron, and repulse the horse.

Play house to be lett, p. 72.

Note 10. Page 63. line 10.

Lieut. Gen. "Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant troops perceive mine ire."

Point all the cannon, and play fast;
Their fury is too hot to last;

That rampier shakes, they flee into the town.

Pyr. March up with those reserves to that redoubt,
Faint slaves, the Janizaries reel!

They bend! they bend! and seem to feel

The terrors of a rout.

Must. Old Zanger halts, and reinforcement lacks.

Pyr. March on!

Must. Advance those pikes, and charge their backs.

Note 11. Page 65. line 2.

Orb. "Who calls Terra firma, pray?"

Luna. Luna that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means Luna in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to shew her tail."

In ridicule of this.

Phæb. Who calls the world's great light?

Aur. Aurora that abhors the night.

Phæb. Why does Aurora, from her cloud,
To drowsy Phœbus cry so loud? *Slighted maid, p. 80.*

Note 12. Page 65. line 16.

Luna. "To-morrow soon, ere it be noon,
On mount Vesuvio, on mount Vesuvio."

The burning mount Vesuvio.

Ibid. p. 81.

Note 13. Page 65. line 21.

Luna. "And I will drink nothing but Lippara wine."
Drink, drink wine, Lippara wine. *Ibid. p. 81.*

Note 14. Page 66. line 20.

"Come, 'll shew you how they shall go off. Rise,
rise, Sirs, and go about your business. There's go
off for you, now."

84 KEY to the REHEARSAL. ACT V.

Valeria, daughter to Maximin, having killed herself for the love of Porphyrius, when she was to be carried off by the bearers, strikes one of them a box on the ear, and speaks to him thus:

Hold, are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog!

I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.

Tyrannick love.

END OF THE KEY.

